THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1636.

Choice Poetry.

THE SHIP AT SEA.

A white sail gleaming on the flood,
And the bright cobalt cast on high
Are all that break the solitude.
O'er the coming sea and sky,
Not cloud nor rape is ranged there,
Nor isle of ocean, nor of air.

Led by the mariner's or the tides
That bark her path exp ores
Save an unerring instinct guides
The bird to unseen shores;
Well we may trust ov the waves expand
The wanders to a viewless land.

Yet not alone—and it is this
That keeps us gentle and sedate—
No unmeet, refreshing spot of rest,
Where busy cares rejoice;
Nor rock, nor hill, nor tower, nor tree,
Breaks the last horizon of the sea.

Nor not alone! her luminous inside
Is built by one whose love
To some sweet memory enshrined,
Clings to the heart for aye
And haunts it—wherever we go,
Through every scene of joy and woe.

And not alone—for she and night
Locate her o'er the deep,
And guard her restless flight
The stars their eyes keep
Ah, we, beloved, are sailing alone
And Heaven seemed our pathway too.

And not alone—for hopes and fears
Fly with her wandering sail,
And in spite of sea—the single gathering tears
To distant cloud to hail.
And prayers to her at midnight rise
As—and unheard in all—are true.

And not alone—for round her glow
The stars that watch and ward
And something that is whispers low
Unto the seaman's heart
Upon her waste and watery road.
And present, as preceding God!

Original Novelet.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON.

A TALE OF

EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "VIVIA OR THE SECRET OF POWER," "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER," &c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CATHERINE'S REGRET.

Slowly, very slowly Catherine recovered from the shock of that bitter parting. And then she felt so lonely—so desolate—so motherless—so homeless! Oh, to give way to the indulging loss of sympathy, or one restraining word of comfort! Even Mrs. Deacon, though kind in the main, was strangely cold, stiff and formal for the fond, yet reverential, love of the warm-hearted child. Father in the Omnipotent Creator, or in other words, of especial Providence in general providence, the most helpless—desperately helpless of all helpless—and we say that the happiness of the Universe, the Government of nations, the millions of suns and systems, never stopped to care for a poor, lost atom like mine. She must, she had better accept the inevitable, and submit again. But when she endured her pain, and suffered in silence, she was thought sullen, and punished in misery from his place the cold and unfeeling Mrs. Deacon, or the more unfeeling man, whose teachings every Sabbath morning sent her home with poisoned love, and sinister fear. Oh, how she had suffered! How she had yearned to see in his stead a young man, a mere youth even, who would have loved her, who would have supported, and she sank back in her seat, and dozed with the thought that she would not get to the end of the journey, that she would die, that could a stubbed in his youth know of life's sorrows—its disappointments—its mortified expectations, or the spirit's deep needs! She felt sure her heart could not help her, and she sank back, and dozed with a deep sigh. The signaling lyman was given out—

O sinner, are you prepared to die?
Are you prepared to die?
Are you prepared to die?
To be with mercy and shut from hell.
To be with mercy and shut from hell.

The first verse was sung to the old Scotch tune—a rapid one. Being her mind with associations of a direct nature for her thoughts, but all that hymn, every stanza, every line, was filled with meaning for her, and presented to her mind's eye a picture of the life of sin, and the experience. She listened in penitent, grateful, and the tears rolled down her hands meekly, and saying within her heart,

"Father, forgive my careless and cruel! I will be better than I was before that cruel day. I will be lonely—dead to ladies with money, and will not be ashamed of my own relations, or of my better kind this father. After reparation and dismissal, it is none was necessary to our meeting—I will be better, I will be all that I ought to be! I do believe it, for I have had blessed answers from my darkest hour, and we know that all things work together for good to them that love the Lord. I do believe it."

And she will make good.

Then the solemn last words of the Divine Song were sung. Catherine's beautiful voice joining the choir. And when it was ended, followed by the Amen! And Aunt Mary sat, would you please to come down due to her quarter no one knew, and how much more was spent between him, and had sugar, no! ——— Amen, if you please.

"What shall you say?" asked Catherine, passing her hand across her forehead, as she put the last exclamation of sorrowful thought.

"And Lord Mary, ma'am, it's a boy-child, ma'am, a lad-child, so while as ever you see, ma'am, as she's fetch well the-ugh of it, thank Master, ma'am, and she say, how will you come on her, for never had your hand on a child like Likewise Uncle Jubilee, as dubbi—not me, for see, can't be here, and had the best to be—I'm stay home until de field, sure, how it's his fastest see me but will's sister darlin'."

Passing her hand across her forehead silently, Catherine impressed the last lingering tenderness of her bitter remorse, and stood up to her coachman, who had appeared to be waiting for her action was clear and decided. She took up her little basket of fruit, &c. the woman took her, and went down stairs and into the parlor, where she found a hamper with tea and sugar, and a little basket of fruit, &c. the woman took it to her attendant, saying,

"Take these to Field Mary, and say that I will be down to see her presently."

"Yes, ma'am, sure enough. But 'fend de master see the mistress last week of the 'Sabbath day, seein' how it's his fastest son an' hire out'n seven darlens!"

"Tell Mary that I cannot send her wine, it is not good for her now; but tell her to mention any other want, and if it be a proper one, it shall be supplied. Tell Jubilee to return to the field—his labor cannot possibly be spared from it to-day. And stay—bring in your name."

"Scilly, ma'am. 'Deed it is, honey. That's my name, Scilly."

"I think I never saw you up at the house before, Scilly?"

"No, ma'am, likely not, chile, indeed. I lives quite distant off, down der on Cedar Creek, innermost of Bosky Hill der on de eastern-most' de plantashun."

"Well, Scilly, who is tending Field Mary Fi' I'm not sure. Hardwargen Henry, she long o' her now. But I tends her. I tends all de wimmin hands when dey's sick, 'deed I does, chile. But poor creeturs, dey allus wants der master'ns, ef'ens. I never knew dem to fail—a fretting arter her, dey don't seems to feel kinder safe without her, dough I allus tells de poor ignorant creeturs, for mist'ess can't do nuffin' for 'em—dere in de hann's o' de Lord—and to de master, An' de Fair' Mary, 'cept'ful dough, sendin' you word how she didn't want you starved, arter keepin' on arter us all night to send for you; but I 'fend her good I was 'spared to have the pleasure of seein' her sister dat deep.

Except her sister dat deep.
And wanted her sister right
The stars there up in keep
Ah, we, beloved, are sailing alone
And Heaven seemed our pathway too.

And not alone—for hopes and fears
Fly with her wandering sail,
And in spite of sea—the single gathering tears
To distant cloud to hail.
And prayers to her at midnight rise
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Our Picture Gallery.

CITY AND HARBOR OF BARCELONA, SPAIN.

Selected Articles.

SINGULAR COMBAT.

FROM THE MONTHLY REPUBLICAN, OF MEMPHIS, OCTOBER 6.

Some four or five days since, at half past one in the afternoon, the rural quiet of Edgeware from Annapurna was attacked near Topejudel Mo. It had been raining slightly just before, and the roads were muddy and out of order. In the interest of the diligence were an Englishman, three Spaniards, one French lady and her boy, Mr. Albert Spencers, a wealthy merchant, a German by birth; on the top were seated three Mexicans.

All the passengers at the time of the attack were dreaming of anything but danger, and the first news of the arrival of the robbers was the sudden, through one of the windows of the coach, of a pistol, and shot, and cry, "Give up your arms, or you are all dead." "Yes," answered Spencers, leaning forward, "but bullets and all," and he shoved the robber a small two-barrelled pistol, through the thing the robber crouched down to shield himself behind his horse. Spencers, who had taken his aim, discharged his weapon, while the robber, with five others stationed on the other side of the vehicle, fled for cover. The discharge was happily without fatal result on either side.

Spencers, upon this, headless of the entreaties of the passengers, who sought to restrain him, opens the door of the coach, leaps to the ground, with a pistol in hand, pursues the robber that had fired at him, and who, in company with five already mentioned, had gone to join six more. Spencers, who was educated at some distance on the road. Regardless of numbers, Spencers, with his pistol in hand, flew into the group, and, even before the coach in quest of more weapons. When he reached it, he found all the passengers in the act of descending from the interior of the coach. He speaks to them—encourages them, but to no effect. They have taken out his watch, and all the money in his pockets, and lays the whole under the cushion, when he draws his other two-barrelled pistol, and one six-barrelled pistol, with which he proposed to pursue the campaign. The former was upon his presenting to one of the passengers, exhorting him to leave the coach and defend the baggage. Spencers found himself deserted and alone. In place it in the hands of the passenger, but he trembles so with fear that he cannot discharge the weapon. Spencers became still more excited, and exclaims: "Since you are all cowards, I shall defend myself, alone, remain where you are."

Meantime the highwaymen were crying, "He shall not escape, he's fled" and they pursued on the coach a deluge of bullets, which respected not the valiant Spencers. The latter, however, loses no time, seizing a firm hold of his revolver, he dives forward in pursuit of the eleven robbers, and, as he runs, he cries, leap on wide trench on one side of the road, there to reload their arms. Suddenly after they meet with Senor Spagues, surnamed him at some distance, and say to him, "Were not that you are a brave man, we are no mercenaries. We do not wish to be valiant a man." "Very brave, you are, indeed," answered Spagues, "and a valiant one." This said, he sets forth in pursuit of the robbers, who, on his approach, cry out, "Long live!" &c. "true—but you not say you were brave! Come, comrade—come, every one of you—come to long, I send you here."

The philological education of some with whom I conversed, has been quite as sadly retrograde. A second quite marvellous to me, is, that they should be able to understand an English word, or even know the name given to the attractive points of the island. Many of them have been to London and Liverpool. I found that the inhabitants resided in the neighborhood of railways—and there are few districts where the railroad has not been made

PROSPECTUS FOR 1853.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE LEADING LITERARY WEEKLY.

Over THIRTY-ONE years have now elapsed since the SATURDAY EVENING POST began its weekly round of blended instruction and amusement; and never, in all this period, was its success so marked as at the present moment. Possessing undoubtedly the largest circulation, by many thousands, of any paper of its class in the Union, its subscription list has been increased during the last few months at a rate unprecedented in its own history, and one that very far exceeds the advertising list of almost any other two hundred weekly publications. In announcing some of our prospectuses for the coming year, we may begin by stating our continued connection with MRS. SOUTHWORTH, a writer who, in original tale and romance, is not surpassed by any author, male or female, in the Union. MRS. CAUDLING, MR. HENTZ, A. SMITH, and others, will contribute regularly to press, in view of the general popularity of each tales as "The Rob Cap," "Eoline," "Linda," "Rena," etc., also is enrolled among our contributors.

We shall shortly begin the publication of a story entitled

CLARA MORELAND,

By EMMANUEL BRYANT, Author of "Verba," "Precise Poems," "Bandits of the Osage," etc.

And early in the ensuing year we design commencing the publication of the following Novelet:

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING-WHEEL.

By Mrs. LEE HENTZ, of Florida, Author of "Eoline," "Linda," "Rena," etc.

This novelet we design following by a story entitled,

A STRAY PATCH FROM AUNT HANNAH'S QUILT.

By Mrs. FRANCES D. GAGE, of Ohio, widely known as the author of some admirably written and very effective homeland poems, sketches, etc.

After this we expect to be able to announce

THE LOST HEIRESS;
A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

By Mrs. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, Author of "The Curse of Clifton," "Virginia and Magdalene," "Ishmaelites," "The Deserted Wife," etc.

In addition to these and other ORIGINAL TALES, involving a large expenditure of money, we shall lay before our readers, as heretofore, Travels, Sketches, Reports, Narratives, etc., from the English Magazines—such as have given the Post a name for the excellence of its selections.

ENGRAVINGS.—In the way of engravings we present as follows:—one of an instructive, and the other of a humorous character, to be given every week.

Miscellaneous matter, Agricultural Articles, General News, Witty and Humorous Sketches and Anecdotes, Letters from Europe, Editorials, View of the Produce and Stock Markets, Bank Note List, etc. etc., shall also be duly given.

☞ Of course we shall maintain for the Post the character it has acquired, of being a strictly moral paper—not ridiculously squeamish and straight-laced, but really and truly moral—such as may be taken into the family circle without fear. Advertisements of an improper character shall be, as heretofore, rigorously excluded.

CHEAP POSTAGE.

The Postage on the Post to any part of the United States, when paid quarterly in advance, is now only 26 cents a year. And we trust that the public generally will show their appreciation of the commendable reduction of postage, by largely increasing the number of papers taken in the vicinity of each office. THUS THERE MAY BE NO FALLING OFF IN THE REVENUE OF THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT. This shall insure a continuance of the present reduced rates.

TERMS.

The terms of the POST are Two Dollars if paid in advance, Three Dollars if not paid in advance. For Five Dollars in advance, one copy is sent three years. We also offer the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

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CUBA AND THE CONSTITUTION.

The recent publication of all the official letters, documents, &c., relative to the late action of the officers of the Department of State, in calculating the value of Cuba to the United States, has startled the United States but in Europe. It appears that from the period of Mr. Monroe's administration to the advent of Gen. Taylor, in 1849, the subject of Cuba has been a matter of great interest to the various Cabinets at Washington. The ground generally taken in the dispatches to our Minister at Madrid, up to Mr. Polk's term, was that either Cuba should remain in hands as it now is—although Mr. Bennett's novelet will not, probably, be finished at that time—by about the first week in February. We shall probably be forced to run them together for a while, as we did last year with "The Discarded Daughter" and "Rollo."

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PHILADELPHIA:
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SAD BUT INSTRUCTIVE.

A late author of "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal," contains an article upon railroads and other speculative notions, the effect of which is to induce caution and full inquiry before embarking in schemes, the honest of which is generally in full proportion in the "modest touch" which is promised. The Journal, however, deduces from these railway experiences, the fact that every road which has been constructed in Great Britain, or is about to be so, consumes, has paid a reasonable income on the capital invested. It says, *"No railway has yet failed for want of traffic."* But reads in the construction of which large sums have been expended, and which are now reaching a state of ripeness, is a merely written Constitution. It is evident that the Constitution seldom stands in the way now of the will of a solid majority of the people. While the notoriousness of any particular evil is hardly and most unanimously insisted upon, the question of unconstitutionality scarcely blinked when urged against some striking reform, is largely mistrusted by the law. For our part, we have almost made up our minds, that if the whole people of England, or bands of influential classes or interest—individuals, were to resolve to have every one of their numbers. Our Constitution will then be made to that of England—a thing much talked of by the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

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PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1852.

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STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

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General News.

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT TO MR. LAW.

The "National Intelligencer" publishes the following plain talk from the President to the Collector of New York, respecting Mr. Law:—

WASHINGTON, November 12, 1852.

HON. HUGH MAXWELL, New York City:—Your note of yesterday came to hand this morning, in which you state a conversation you have had with Mr. George Law, from which you learned that the "Crescent City will go to Cuba and enter the port of Havana, in defiance of the Spanish authority; and, if fired upon, she will be surrendered, and that then he and others will immediately commence hostilities against the island." You say, also, that "he desires to know whether he is right in persisting in the pursuit of his lawful business, and that if the Government shall tell him he must not go, he will not go. If, however, the Government says nothing against his going, he will infer he has a right to go." You say also, that "he professes to be friendly to me and my Administration." Of the sincerity of this latter profession one can best judge by reading his letter of the 9th, published in the New York Herald of the 10th instant.

But, in regard to the chief matters of your letter, permit me to say, that, in the first place, I do not admit the right of Mr. Law, or any other citizen, to threaten a war on his own account, for the purpose of seeking redress for real or imaginary injuries, and then to call upon the Government to say whether it approves or disapproves of such conduct, and assume its approbation unless the act is forbidden. The Constitution of the United States has vested in Congress *alone* the power of declaring war, and neither the Executive branch of the Government nor Mr. Law has any right to usurp that power by commencing a war without its authority; and if he shall attempt it, it will be my duty, as it is my determination, to exert all the power confided to the Executive Government by the Constitution and Laws to prevent it. I am resolved, at every hazard, to maintain our rights in this controversy as against Spain, and I am equally resolved that no act of our own citizens shall be permitted to place this Government in the wrong.

Mr. Law has an undoubted right to pursue his lawful business; but when a question is raised between this Government and a foreign nation as to whether the business which he pursues is lawful, or pursued in a lawful manner, the decision of that question belongs to the two Governments, and not to him. If the object be to assert his right to enter the port of Havana, with such persons as he may choose to select, in defiance of the laws and Government of Spain, he has certainly done enough to present that question for the decision of the Governments of Spain and the United States; and the negotiation has already commenced, and our rights, as we understand them, have been asserted, and, as I said before, will be maintained. But the act of this Government cannot be controlled by the interference of any individual, and it is entirely unnecessary that Mr. Law should repeat these attempts for the purpose of settling this controversy; and if he wilfully does so, and, in so doing, violates the laws of a foreign nation within its own jurisdiction, and thereby loses or forfeits his vessel, he can expect no indemnity for such an act of folly from this Government.

We regulate the terms and conditions upon which all foreign vessels shall enter our ports, and we fix the penalties for a violation of our laws, and the right to do so we shall never suffer to be questioned by foreigners, and we do not question theirs to do the same thing. He must wait the result of the negotiations between the two Governments. This is a question not to be settled between him and Cuba, nor even between the United States and Cuba, but between the United States and Spain, which alone is responsible for the conduct of the Governor of Cuba.

I write in some haste, as the mail is closing; but you are at liberty to make known the contents of this letter to Mr. Law, and to inform him that as a good citizen I presume he will not attempt any violation of our neutrality laws by attacking Cuba. I am truly yours,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

POLITICAL NEWS.

GEN. PIERCE.—The President elect has declined leaving New England for the South before the first of February.

THE MAINE LAW.—The constitutionality of the "Maine Law," is to be tested in a case which is now before the Circuit Court of the State of Rhode Island. The case is held by the court for advisement. It was contended that the law conflicts, in divers particulars, with the Constitution of Rhode Island.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Charles G. Atherton has been elected U. S. Senator to succeed Hale.

OFFICIAL.—The official vote for President, in Ohio, is as follows: Pierce, 169,160; Scott, 152,526; Hale, 31,762.

The official majority for Scott, in Tennessee, is 1,811.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Whigs have a majority of from six to ten in the House. A large number of towns have failed to choose, and the House will not be much more than half full. It is pretty certain that the *opponents* of the Maine Law have secured a majority in the House. If so, as Mr. Clifford, the Whig candidate for Governor, is unfriendly to the law, its repeal seems probable.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The steamships Prometheus and Georgia have arrived, bringing two weeks later news from San Francisco, the mails to Nov. 1st., $2,742,000 in gold, and 398 passengers.

The political excitement at San Francisco on the 1st inst. was very great, and the vote for President and Vice President, to take place on the following day, was expected to be heavy throughout the State. The Democrats were very confident of success. The newspapers are filled with electioneering articles to the exclusion of almost every thing else.

Cotton has been raised in San Joaquin Co., equal to any grown in the Southern States.

Coal has been discovered in Trinity county.

Several attempts have been made to set fire to the city of San Francisco, which caused considerable excitement.

The friends of the Maine Liquor Law held a large meeting at San Francisco on the 31st ult.

The news from the mines is favorable. Gold has been found in the mountains near Buenaventura.

Some further difficulties have occurred between the American miners and the Chinese, at Jacksonville. The latter have all been driven from the mines.

A general rain of over a week's duration had occurred throughout the interior of the State.

A movement is on foot for the assembling of another State Convention of miners.

The total debt of California was a little over $2,000,000.

Jose Forni, a murderer, was sentenced to be executed on the 10th of December. This is the first instant where a culprit had beed sentenced by the Court, in the county of San Francisco, to receive the penalty of the law.

The buildings for the branch mint are soon to be commenced at San Francisco.

Overland emigrants continued to arrive in large numbers. The California Telegraph Company were moving energetically in arranging matters for the completion of their lines between San Francisco and the principal towns in the interior of the State.

From Oregon we learn that emigrants were still arriving in a state of great destitution. A large number of trains were yet on their way, and the most melancholy intelligence relative to the suffering of emigrants had been received.

STRANGE.—A most singular accident, causing loss of life, is described in Galignani's Messenger, as having recently occurred on board the Swedish steamer, the Lennart, as she was proceeding from Stockholm to Ystad. In the night a violent tempest arose, and a large vessel containing sulphuric acid, placed on the deck, was broken. A portion of the corrosive liquor passed through the crevices of the planks, and fell on a bed in a cabin beneath. In this bed the Count Eric Chretien de Pontin, Chamberlain to the King of Sweden and Norway, was sleeping. The acid soon burnt through two blankets, and reached the abdomen of the unfortunate gentleman, burning it dreadfully. The gas which escaped made it impossible for him to cry for help, and he became senseless. The next morning his servant, on going into the cabin, found that he had the lower part of his bowels entirely eaten away. The unfortunate gentleman was unable to speak a word. The steamer immediately put back to the port of Colmar, and the Count was conveyed to the hospital. Every possible attention was paid to him, but he expired after some hours of horrible suffering. He was only 26 years of age.

AN INCIDENT AT THE POLLS.—On Tuesday, a patriotic Irishman, a little under the influence of "Old Rye," after depositing his vote, espied the contribution box for the Washington Monument, and in the generosity of his heart took out the contents of his pocket book, $45, and deposited the whole amount in the box. His wife came to the polls, a few hours afterwards, and made such a representation of her circumstances that the Judges of the election humanely returned her $40 of the money deposited by her over-generous husband.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

GUANO.—A German chemist, named Von Breasch, has invented a kind of artificial guano which can be had at less cost and is equal in quality to the natural. The government of Ba-

GENTLEMEN'S FUR GLOVES.

These necessary articles for cold weather can be had, in endless variety, at the Philadelphia Fur Store, 149 Chesnut street. They are handsomely got up, and sold at reasonable prices, and are superior to any other kind of glove now worn. Also—Fur Shoes, Gentlemen's Hats, Children's Hats and Caps, made and trimmed in Oakford's superior and artistic style, which is all the recommendation they need.

JAMAICA NEWS.—Great attention was paid to the officers of the Haytien brig-of-war Charlotte, now at Kingston. They had attended a breakfast party at the Governor's mansion, and had received cards of invitation to the opening of the House of Assembly on the 22nd ult.

☞ Ned Shuter thus explained his reason for preferring to wear stockings with holes, to having them darned:—"A hole," said he, "may be the accident of a day, and will pass upon the best gentleman, but a darn is *premeditated poverty.*"

☞ Catch the sparkling foam of the sea and bottle it, and what was a moment ago living pearls dressed in sunshine, is now a bad sample of pork pickle.

☞ Dubbs thinks that speed will go on increasing, till men will be shot from one town to another by means of artillery made on purpose for the occasion.

☞ Everybody has a hobby, the riding of which, in their opinion, would gallop all creation to unbounded happiness. Greeley's great medicine is a High Tariff; Colonel Benton's, a Railroad to the Pacific. The Mormon finds terrestrial bliss in a dozen wives; while Mrs. Oakes Smith imagines that all that is necessary to regenerate the human family, is to allow women to vote and work at the blacksmith's business. Great country, this.—*Dutchman.*

ALMANAC.

Nov. 1852.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
4 Saturday,	7 22	4 38	8 20	
5 Sunday,	7 21	4 37	9 9	
6 Monday,	7 23	4 37	10 30	
7 Tuesday,	7 24	4 36	10 50	D. H. M.
8 Wednesday,	7 24	4 36	11 41	Last 4 7 2
9 Thursday,	7 25	4 35	12 37	New 10 10 12
10 Friday,	7 25	4 35	1 31	First 18 3 19
11 Saturday,	7 23	4 35	2 25	Full 26 7 50

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Nov.	21	38	42	44
	22	32	35	36
	23	41	44	46
	24	32	36	38
	25	33	38	40
	26	46	56	55
	27	45	46	42

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Thursday afternoon, the 25th ultimo, at Isaac Powell's, Esq., White Hall Hotel, by the Hon. Chas. Gilpin, Mayor, THOMAS D. TRIMBLE, Esq. of West Whiteland Township, Chester county, to Miss SARAH ROBINSON, of Honey Brook Township, same county.

On Thursday morning, Nov. 25th, 1852, by Friends' Ceremony, in the presence of the Hon. Chas. Gilpin, Mayor, MORRIS R. WILKINSON, Esq. of Georgetown, Lancaster county, Pa. to Miss SALLIE H. KIRK, of Cecil county, Md.

At Cedar Grove, East Donegal, Lancaster county, by the Rev. James Rodgers, Mr. NATHANIEL ELLMAKER, Jr. of Earl Township, Lancaster county, to Miss BARBARA HIESTAND, of the former place.

At Frankford, on the 22d ult. by the Rev. Thomas Murphy, Mr. JOHN L. CARRE, of Philadelphia, to Miss MARGARET MOFFETT, of Frankford.

On the [illegible] ult. in Pottsville, Pa. by the Rev. Jos. McCool, JOHN G. KOEHLER, M. D. of Schuylkill Haven, Pa. to Miss MATILDA M. daughter of Captain Edw. E. Reed, of the above place.

On the [illegible] ultimo, by the Rev. W. Blackwood, Mr. ANDREW CHAMBERS, to Miss SARAH USSHER, all of this city.

On the [illegible] ult. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. [illegible]

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Dec. 8th,	Mar. 30th,	Dec. 1st,	Mar. 23rd,
Dec. 22nd,	April 13th,	Dec. 15th,	April 6th,
1853.	April 27th,	Dec. 29th,	April 20th,
Jan. 5th,	May 11th,	1853.	May 4th,
Jan. 19th,	May 25th,	Jan. 12th,	May 18th,
Feb. 2nd,	June 8th,	Jan. 26th,	June 1st,
Feb. 16th,	June 22nd,	Feb. 9th,	June 15th,
March 2nd,		Feb. 23rd,	June 29th,

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The Lady's Book has distanced *all competition* [illegible]

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We believe we can so conduct this Magazine, that while it will meet the wishes of the lovers of agreeable literature, it shall still impart, in scientific articles, and articles of general utility, information, that will be valuable and desirable to many. In pursuance of this purpose, we shall place under the eyes of our readers not alone articles of high merit, written to order by OUR WELL-KNOWN CORPS OF CONTRIBUTORS, but shall draw upon the first literature of the Old World—as success and increased circulation may enable us still further to *increase the number of pages of Graham*—so that we shall present the very best articles that are published abroad, as well as those that are written expressly for us at home. We trust that this effort to extend the usefulness of the Magazine, will be met by that continuance of favor from our readers which has cheered us as editor of the work for more than thirteen years, and that the Magazine whose foundation was laid in 1826 may, in 1853 be among the ablest, as it is the oldest Magazine in America.

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Selected Poetry.

THE AGED CHIEFTAIN.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Alone upon a hill, an old oak stood,
Whose limbs seemed bending with the press of years;
It was the last grim sixteenth of a wood,
That climbed hill and vale—spring's amazed tears
Fore centuries had wet it, still it bore,
Wast the strength, the dignity of years.

The sun was sinking in the crimson West,
And with his parting glory on it bronzed;
A golden flood against its bole came pressed—
And thus a thing of life the old oak seemed—
As, gazing on its rough arms, white and bare,
A fitting fancy made a prophet there.

An old chief now it, he, too, was the last
Of a bold race, who spurned at hill and plain;
And much its boughs had wanted of its years past,
With those whose blood had wet the earth like rain:
Who passed away when came the white man's tread,
As falls the blade where'er the scythe is sped.

He gazed upon it, and the thoughts of yore
Came back like fierce foes, and, as it seemed almost
Heaved as a sea in storm, and wrinkles o'er
His aged brow appeared deeper; and he pressed
His hand upon his eyes and said, "Would to God,
Peace to be *Indian*, and no weakness show!

"Twas vain—'twas vain!—the wrongs of eighty years—
I mastered with and chilled my mother, son—
A people grew—a ringing in his ears
Of old familiar sounds—all did conspire
To shake that frame, as winds in rocking pine
Near some lone river and bend it to the line.

And he, the chieftain—he who in fierce war
Had stemmed rushed and dared the deadly blow—
On whose breasted bold many a hundred scar
Told of fine conflict with a direful foe—
He who, till now, had seen years wrung high
Nor granted him man—alone bowed down and wept.

Who can portray the agonizing thought
That made those strong limbs quiver? made those eyes
Where never before or yet or grief had brought
A tear—now fill with water? made those sighs,
Which heaven could not know? or who unfold
The wrongers of that heart—so lone and cold?

Weep on, old warrior! wherefore be ashamed?
The years are yours from the inner deep,
And all are gone who had thy weakness named;
And were they here, no eyes could see them weep—
Weep on, weep on! it is childish part—
It stands these tears to man thy breaking heart!

And it is good—since for that natural ground,
With no stone step, he must find—that rest,
And cherished it as a brother—his final friend!
The only remnant of his misery;
And, with deep reverence, he and him he prest
To his tough lock—then laid the chief to rest.

The sun was sinking; but a glory beam
Played, like a bird, around that chief's shadow,
And on his knee bowed many a time-worn scout,
And was of battle, but no anguish now
All there in common sat mourning up
As a lake's bosom in a dreamy day!

His thoughts were wandering—in a brighter land—
Where forests spread, eternal, ever green,
And where the game abounded through sparkling and
And no hot strokes in song and famine
shores,
And deer were bounding, and gay birds were singing
And every air some new spring joy was bringing—
The viceless stood; but, lo! an old, no land—
The land of the white man—and there he saw
And with deep reverence grasped his valiant hand.
And lips of stone were opened to her I love
For there were father, mother, wife and child,
And all he loved in the world—for him made
The sun went down, and evening brought gray
Crept, like a spot, around the aged tree—
Still, smiling gently, there he reclined
When night rose in the west, still there he lay—
And where, long after, flowers paved his grave
A warrior's bones beneath that old oak lay!

Hartford Times.

Selected Articles.

WORK AND WANT.

We Americans are some Twenty-Five Millions of People—Free and Rich, Bold and Free, Working and Idle, Wealthy and Destitute—of whom something like Ten Millions of the Work by which the whole must be subsisted. Half of these are employed in Cookery and other merely sensitive occupations, leaving about Five Millions to clear away the woods and drain the swamps, and break up the hills, bore earth, and grough, sow, till and harvest—to wield the sledge and push the plough—to guide the spinning-frame, and do all the Productive Labor of the Country. How many of these Five Millions Think? How many find it idle for want of employment? In our ingenious—founded on much observation and inquiry—not less than Half a Million, which they had only work to do, would very gladly add at least One Hundred Millions per annum to the aggregate wealth of the Country.

Have you ever thought of the immense wealth involved in letting these men stand idle for want of employment? Let a great fire sweep away Two Hundred Millions of property, and what lamentation resounds through the land! What a sweep, what a rushing together to the charity! not nobody seems to be thinking of the waste for it. Pass the scene of that fire a year after its occurrence, and you will find the whole district rebuilt with decided improvements—the streets often wider and straighter—the houses more spacious, lofty, substantial and commodious—the workshops more capacious and convenient, and their machinery better constructed and better fitted—and, sometimes, shopwards have found satisfactory employment and earned a good living in rebuilding and refitting that "desert" district.

Still, the fire was a calamity, and its authority must, a great calamity, but it was a trifling disaster, compared with the one thing that runs, from year to year, of Half a Million human beings. For all these are not sufferers, relatively in their Physical natures, but in their Intellectual and Moral also. The man or woman whose only experience is Labor, and yet can find nothing to do, lives from day to day in a state of uncertainty, anxiety, dependence most unfavorable to mental or moral improvement, and is peculiarly exposed to the temptation of dissipation and crime. It is from the class of idlers—involuntary, at first, but gradually acquiring a taste for an indolent and profligate life—that the ranks of the criminal and desperately vicious are continually recruited.

In time there are many Idlers. The industrial of work is often a burden on his hands—his tires and frauds who do less unfortunate than himself. The grocer trusts him as a rule, or loses by the system, entirely. The homeowner and his family are burdened as well, and he either becomes a non-paying tenant of some other landlord, or else does not house for him than formerly, and he lodges where he can. The farmer sells less than he did before—his pack looker or mouth exists for a subsistence—and so the butcher, shoemaker, tailor, publican &c., loses custom, and finds his business diminished by the inability of the poor to find work. There is not one of us who would not be obliged a better business today, if every one who wants work could have it.

And why should Labor pay to many? If all the grain grown on the earth, and the fruit bushes in left for want of a demand for it, there would a basket which the owner could not sell to-day by offering it low enough. So of every thing useful produced by Labor. And not only Labor itself. There are thousands, and soon will be tens of thousands, starving day by day for their wrongs of our cities, seeking work—but vain, and willing to work for any wages, so they can but earn bread. The importance of this employment disturb and impede those who have work enough, but not enough for their interests time to do it, because of constant interruptions from the idle, or desirous, extending for something to do. On every side, loss and embarrassment are directly imposed upon all by the fact that so many are without employment, and gradually losing heart and hope.

Men and brothers! these things should not be—may, must, they must not be. We admit all you have to offer respecting the inefficiency, lack of energy, &c., of those who are employed—we know that, as Carlyle says, "the learned needle-women are generally destitute of needle-women" and that, if every body were industry, as well as learned, we could subsist in ease and luxury, every body would find work. But a great man; we not what it is to be done about it? Are they the employers, the capitalists, they need, by paying the utensils and swapping on other duties? On the contrary, does not every day's dilemma in destitution lead to self-evident them is effective, less skilful, less remunerative, than they otherwise would be? Certainly we were to take them all out of the streets, and say,—"Here, you men, women and children, who can find nothing to do! the State or the city will not pass to work and give you bread and you can do better,"—those living would at the worst, only come out of the community, as it does, in a more irregular way, at present, while they would all be earning bread—by, no matter how little, or at least be learning how to do something. If we had by keep three old Bill next April, and their work amounted to nothing, we could memorize at least teach them all to knit stockings or subtle shoes, and the capacity thus acquired would be of immense value in preserving them from similar destitution hereafter.

For it is not, as seems to be generally supposed, from the lowest ranks of life that the great army of the idle is mainly recruited. We believe that the larger number of those now raised seeking employment in our city were credited in counties, if not in this district. Many of them were entered with parents who were employed in training their children to Industry—who expected to bequeath them the means of living as the other people's labor—which they are now quite literally destitute—in the poor-house. Quite a proportion of them were of a family distinctly bred, but expensively educated, in the hope of leaving them fortune, or establishing them in professions; but they had not the required capacity, or insufficient talent of discipline which have landed them where they now are. Thousands of them were appreciated to Commerce, were not qualified for mercantile clerks, or failed for want of capital, and now are neither reserved in Trade, nor fitted for any thing else. And so, from the ranks of the uneducated and the miseducated, the ragged legions of Despair are recruited day by day. Shall no effort be made to reduce them *I—N. Y. Tribune.*

Wit and Humor.

WILBERFORCE'S GREAT SPEECH ON POTATOES.

The following seeming sketch of some of the jokes and witticisms of Congress, will prove a rich acquisition to the Great Metropolis:

About five-and-thirty years ago, when only the eighth volume of Hansard was given on an average, every five or six minutes, and when the reporters had to be seated in the centre of the house, were often at a loss what to do with themselves. On one occasion, when laboring under a fit of ennui, and also under the effects of drinking, Jack Finnarty, a well known reporter of that period, yawned out, "Mr. Speaker, will you favor us with a song?" A roar of laughter burst from all parts of the house. One of the officers immediately required to know who had inquired who the offender was: Jack Finnarty, without opening his mouth, pointed to a Quaker, of very diminutive stature, who was sitting in the front seat. The officer immediately seized the unoffending little man by the breast of his collarless coat, and without condescending to give a word of exhortation, dragged him down stairs, and transferred him to the care of the Sergeant-at-Arms. The latter, after keeping him safe custody during the night, and compelling him to pay nearly £30 for his lodgings, set him at liberty on the following day.

About the same time, the debate, which was about Catholic Emancipation, was conducted, as usually did, Jack Finnarty, who had lost a short time before been imported from Tipperary, said to the gentleman who was sitting next to him, that he felt very drowsy, and that he would be after taking a little nap. He said he would tell him when he awoke any thing which might take place. The other agreed, and Jack, in a minute was fast locked in the arms of Morpheus. An hour elapsed, and after half-a-dozen speakers had addressed the house,

"Has any thing happened?" was the first question to his friend.

"To be sure there has," said the other, whose name was Morgan O'Sullivan.

"Has there, by the powers!" exclaimed Jack, pushing up his ears in the plenitude of his anxiety to hear what it was.

"Yes, Jack, and very important, too."

"Then, why don't you let me hear telling it me at once? what was it about, Morgan?"

"About the virtue of the Irish potato, Jack."

"Was it the Irish potato you said, Morgan?"

"The Irish potato I said, Jack, and your honest speech it was."

"Then, by the powers, I'll make a speech myself, with the greatest pleasure. Your goodness to me will be remembered as long as I live, and, but your father puts the climax to my inspiration, I am ready to make a fool of myself at once. Tip me myself part of to several years from date, is to remain too long in suffering. By the hokey, I'll make a draft on you, myself. I hope you will pay the expenses. The office of Secretary to the Treasury for four years, more, on account of the general weekly balance—but my affection for you remains firm, and will reach the destination without change. I send you my heroin enclosed my sentiments of devotion and regard. Please to carry them to my credit, &c."

SEEING WITH THE HEELS.—A Scotch gentleman who had recently come out in this country, was speaking one day last week in a barber's shop, of what struck him as being peculiar to the American character; and after proceeding against their tobacco chewing, said:

"There is another trait which struck him as being singular, and that is the fashion indulged in by men at the hotels in Broadway, that of leaning back on a chair, and placing their feet on the window sills, as if they could see with their heels."

"Does it?" said an impertinent Yankee, present.—does it? Well, do you know that you have hit the nail on the head; and I don't only better, too, than any other countrymen on the globe. There seems to be a touch-and-go over all the rest of the world, or else they'd darned soon see with their heels their way clear to—Morgan, the heterodox member said.

"Morgan, dear fellow!" shouted Jack, at the mention of the Irish potato, his countenance lighting up with ecstasy as he spoke, "how are you?"

"Why, Jack, I'm well, very well, thank you," replied the other.

"Very well," said the other.

"Very well," said the other.

"Very well," repeated Morgan.—"And I have no doubt," continued Mr. Wilberforce, "that had you not been there, you would have been very well."

"Did the member say roared?" interrupted Monsieur Tonson, who had been conversing with the wood with the chairs of Oregon, and the equable temperature of Florida—a region of less than one-sixth part of the population with a Church establishment less than that of Europe, we may expect, if the Europeans remain in the States—space, enterprise, and active—we may expect still always remain throughout and time to come, the characteristic of the great mass of the population. On the Western shores of the United States, there is a belt of country which lies between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific, in the most remote region of Oregon, and the equable temperature of California